

Unknown Pleasures by MilitaFire

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Summary:

Jonathan just wanted to show Nancy an album of his.

She has other plans.

Unknown Pleasures

Author's Note:

Based off of this amazing art by nervousalligator on tumblr:

<https://nervousalligator.tumblr.com/post/169085162913/no-no-jonathan-nancys-going-to-show-you-some>

It's a beautiful Saturday afternoon and there's no place Jonathan would rather be than here with his girlfriend and an empty house to themselves.

Will and the rest of the boys are having another campaign at the Wheeler's and his mom is at work.

That leaves him and Nancy, who oh-so-casually decided to stop by and pay him a visit because he "must be so lonely sitting in an empty house with nothing to do."

They're laying on his bed and staring at the ceiling, having a light conversation and basking in the presence of the other's company.

"-So then Holly grabs the watering can and pours it all over Mike while he was trying to pick the weeds from mom's garden, and he starts chasing her around the yard, and Dad came out and started yelling because they were being too loud." Jonathan laughs as she tells the story, imagining a furious Ted Wheeler telling his kids to keep it down.

As the conversation tapers off and they're left in soft silence, Jonathan decides to do what he does best and show her some of his favorite music.

This is something they do often, so he's not surprised as he's flipping through his vinyl collection when he hears Nancy ask "So, what music do you have to show me today?"

He continues his search until his fingers find the one that catches his

eye. He pulls it out of the rest, the well worn cover feeling familiar in his hands. "I think that you might like this one alot."

"What's it called?"

He moves to stand in front of her, holding the album up by his chin. "*Unknown Pleasures*. Joy Division."

Nancy smiles up at him, eyes scanning over the album.

"Tell me about it."

Jonathan's eyes light up as he begins to talk about the album and the band, explaining the songs and how well they're played.

He's so enraptured in telling her about this album and others that he doesn't notice her slowly inching closer to him on the bed.

"I couldn't tell you which is my favorite though. It's too har-"

He's cut off by her pushing his shirt up his body and placing soft kisses all over his stomach. She had quickly discovered that his stomach was a sensitive area at the beginning of their physical relationship and she took advantage of it whenever she's able to.

He gasps as her teeth gently graze his flesh.

"N-Nancy, what are you doing?"

Her eyes flicker up to him and her hands reach up to unbutton his jeans.

"Just keep telling me about your music."

She speaks it in a tone that says *shh, don't worry about it, just trust me, okay?* Bauman had gotten it right when he pinned him with trust issues, but when Nancy's trailing a path of fire with her lips across his stomach, he thinks that he can make an exception.

She pulls his zipper down and pushes the denim down to his knees. She pulls his boxers down just a bit, just enough that she can run her tongue across the skin of his navel.

"S-so when they w-were recording this they got a bunch of weird sounds l-like a bottle breaking and s-stuff like that."

"Hmm, interesting."

Another thing he's realized after they started doing things like this is that she absolutely loves to tease him. She'll pin his arms above his head and rub against him or brush her hand over his thigh under the Wheeler's table at dinner time- He's completely at her mercy, she has him wrapped around her finger and she knows it. And she's making full use of her power now, nose brushing against his stomach and lips sucking a bruise next to his hip. He's so hard it's beginning to hurt.

Her fingers hook onto the elastic of his boxers.

"Keep going, I want to hear more."

He chances a look down at her and a dizzying wave of arousal fills his body. She's looking up at him with a devilish grin and eyes full of mischief and he's pretty sure he's going to keel over.

He talks more, rattling off more obscure facts about the album, trying his hardest to keep his head on straight.

He has a pretty good idea of where this is going. They've never done this before, but Nancy is smiling against his body, and he had no idea where this came from, but all he knows is that he can't take any more.

"Oh god, please..." He whispers, vision already starting to get a bit hazy.

"What was that?" She asks against his hip, fingers slowly pulling at the hem of his boxers.

"Nancy, please."

He hears and feels her laugh, clearly enjoying the affect she has on him.

"Well, since you asked so nicely..."

She reaches into his boxers and pulls him out, and the devilish grin she has on her face as she looks him over makes him shiver. Her hand begins stroking him, tip to base, and soft whimpers escape his lips.

But it's nothing compared to the moment she drags the flat of her tongue across the head.

"Holy fuck."

His face is washed in heat and he blinks a few times in a vain attempt to clear the fog that has made it's home inside his head.

She giggles and takes him fully into her mouth, and he thinks that he has to be dreaming and that he'll wake up any minute, because there's no possible way that something could feel this good.

But no, this isn't a dream, this is real. He's at his house with his girlfriend and they're alone and he's standing inside of his room with his pants pulled down to his knees and she's going down on him and *ohmygod* he's never going to last if she keeps doing that with her tongue.

He realizes in the back of his head that he's still holding the vinyl up by his face, somewhat hiding behind it, and he's probably going to destroy it because he's gripping it so hard, and he's getting closer and closer to the end to the point he's in danger of collapsing.

It's almost as if Nancy can read his thoughts, because the next thing he knows is the record is being taken out of his hands and set on the nightstand and he's being sat on the edge of the bed and she's kneeling in between his legs and continuing where she had left off.

He sits back on his hands and lets his head fall back, eyes closed and jaw agape, focusing on nothing but the feel of her mouth and the softness of the sheets under him.

He's making noises he's not even aware of- Babbling and whimpering and moaning, and he feels himself start to fall over the edge.

"Nancy, I'm gonna-"

She moves just that much faster, and the pleasure ripples across him in waves. He feels the stars he's seeing behind his eyes explode in his entire body.

He finishes with a shuddered cry, and his bones turn to jello as he falls back on the bed, one hand covering his eyes. He's dimly aware of Nancy tucking him back into his boxers, and pulling his jeans off from around his knees before coming to lay beside him.

He finally opens his eyes and removes his hand after he recovers, and she's looking down at him with a soft smile and even softer eyes.

"Hey, you."

"Hey."

"How do you feel?"

"Like nothing in my body works."

She grins at that.

"Where did that come from?"

"Oh, I've been wanting to surprise you for awhile. Figured now was the right time."

"You mean you were planning to do this?"

"Maybe."

He whines. Of course she was.

"Was it nice?"

"More than nice, Nancy. You almost made me fall."

She giggles and presses a kiss to his cheek.

"I promise I won't jump you like that next time. I'll make sure you're sitting down for the whole thing. Now let's take a nap."

He sits up slightly.

"You don't want me to-"

"After we wake up. Come here."

She pulls them the right way on the bed and pulls his sweaty shirt off, to which he mumbles his thanks, before pulling the covers up to their chests.

As the waves of sleep begin to take him, he remembers something.

"I never got to play you the album."

Another tired laugh.

"Go to sleep, Jonathan."

"Okay."

When they wake up an hour later, Jonathan does play her the album.

He also returns the favor.

Author's Note:

I know the ending is kinda bad but I'm still getting back into the swing of writing

(Also I may or may not have googled facts about the album for Jonathan to tell)

Thanks for reading, comments and kudos are always appreciated!